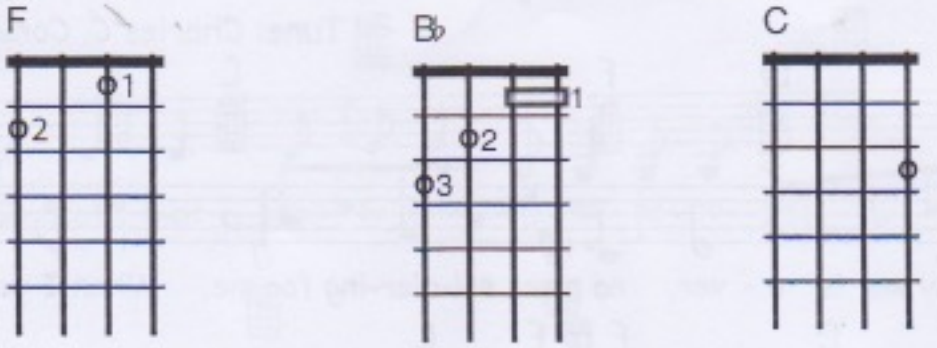
When This Lousy War Is Over



F B♭ F C

1. When this lousy war is over, no more soldiering for me,
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
When I get my civvy clothes on, oh how happy I shall be.
C F B♭ F C
No more church parades on Sunday, no more putting in for leave,
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
I will miss the Sergeant Major, How he'll miss me, how he'll grieve.

F B♭ F C

2. When this lousy war is over, No more soldiering for me,
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
When I get my civvy clothes on, Oh how happy I shall be.
C F B♭ F C
No more NCOs to curse me, No more rotten army stew.
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
You can tell the old cook-sergeant, To stick his dumplings up his flue.

F B♭ F C

3. When this lousy war is over, No more soldiering for me,
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
When I get my civvy clothes on, Oh how happy I shall be.
C F B♭ F C
No more Sergeant Major bawling, 'Pick it up' and 'Put it down'.
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
If I meet the dirty rotter, I'll kick his hide all over town!

F B♭ F C
When this lousy war is over, No more soldiering for me,
F B♭ F C F B♭ F
When I get my civvy clothes on, Oh how happy I shall be.